

NERVE OF THE CAMBIER

One Reason for Keeping Cool at Critical Moments in the Play.

PRACTICE OF STAKING PROFESSIONALS

Large Reputations that Have Been Made by Men Who Have Simply Been Playing Other People's Money.

gamblers in this country made their reputation with other men's money," said a Rocky mountain man of large experience, to a representative of the New York Sun. "These

hundreds of thousands, upon the turn of a card, and innumerable yarus have been spun as to their cool, John Oakhurst-like manner of scooping in a table full of money upon the smashing of a bank, or of calmly lighting their cigars and strolling out when fortune went against them. So far as the stories themselves are concerned, some of

leave out the very essential fact that the men were simply players of other men's money—"table touts," we call 'em out west. I suppose it is a reasonable proposition that it is a whole lot easier to risk another man's money at the table than it is to endanger your own. Of all the men I am telling you about hardly a one had enough luck

owing to the extreme caution of their play under these conditions and the far greater strain involved in the hazarding of their own money. They could take another man's money—the money of a man who probably did not know the difference between 00 and 33 in a wheel layout, but who could afford

out of it, they could run the initial stake up into a pile that would mean for themselves a rake-off or percentage of thousands or tens of thousands; but in venturing their own money I have seen few of them who were any good in the matter of keeping their nerve under rein.

a late time on the Pacific slope. Bank after bank, from Portland to San Diego, went to the wall under his system of play—or lack of system. I ought to say—and at the end the San Francisco banks shut him out altogether, so that he was compelled to start a layout of his own. Among Naseby's smashes that were famous on the coast was

of hitting up Tillotson's \$10,000 limit game in San Francisco for \$100,000 and closing the doors, and of banging Ned Jordan's bank in Portland for \$125,000, all within the space of three months. Yet Naseby told me himself that on none of these plays was he venturing a sou' marque of his own money, that he had left down, he said, over

that is, by Ralston, the millionaire San Francisco banker, who committed suicide. Out of each winning Nasby of course got a big cut of the money, for Ralston went into the thing for the sport of it and was a very generous man. Nasby, who belonged to the tribe of cavers for a rainy day, hung onto these rolls. Nasby played

confessed that his coups were simply the result of unlimited confidence and unlimited backing, allied to bullhead luck.

A SHORT LINE PLAYER.

"Frank Burbridge, the most famous poker player that Portland has ever brought out, was another man who made his big reputa-

furnished by wealthy men. Some of these rich backers of Burbridge remained behind the screen and only received Frank's reports as to how he made out in the games for which they staked him, but others came out into the open and sat alongside Burbridge when he was playing with their money—not for the purpose of giving him advice.

watching the game. One of the big contractors for the building of the Oregon Short Line, a man worth many millions of dollars, was one of Burbridge's clients who liked to watch the expert poker player play the hands. He was constantly staking Burbridge for big games with dangerous opponents. If Frank won, all right; he got most of the money.

"I was a witness of one of those big games in which Burbridge engaged with a stake furnished by the contractor. It was played at the old Willamette house in Portland and it was a two-handed game. The other player was a very wealthy Portland man who was

tended to parallel the Oregon Short Line. This rich man thought he knew how to play poker until his friend, the contractor of the Short Line who was Burbridge's stake, put him to against the latter—partly for the interest of watching the game and partly, perhaps, for other reasons. Anyhow, the Portland man had a whole heap of a coin-

"Oh, he's a professional," said the Portland man.

"Well, you trust me, I suppose, don't you," said the contractor.

poker. I don't amount to much at it myself, and I don't think you're any better than I am. Very well. You sit into a game with Burbridge, and I'll deal all the hands myself, and sit by to see fair play—though Burbridge plays just as fairly as I would myself under the same circumstances. Does that proposition suit you?"

A WARM GAME.

"So the game was arranged. Four or five of us were invited around to the old Willamette house to look on while the game progressed. The two men sat down to the game about 8 o'clock at night. The Portland

occasionally met Burbridge, who was a very smooth, urbane sort of chap of 39, and so they nudged good-naturedly to each other when Tunwell came into the room. The contractor was on hand with his check book. The conditions were simply that the contractor was to deal each of the hands, and

Then he was to dish out what cards were called for, and get away from the table again until the hand was played. The rest of us were to sit around, with the privilege of having peeps at the hands. Tunwell was to have the privilege of asking the advice of any of us as to proper plays, as Burbridge was to be permitted to refer hands that

"So the game began. Tunwell soon proved himself a pretty cool man. He didn't put up a stinky game, but he simply had the proper sort of regard for the worth of the cards the contractor dished out to him, and

waiting the game and had a chance of seeing both hands soon discovered. Two or three times in the early part of the game I, for one, thought he was a bit overcautious, but in general his line of play was away above the average. Tunwell was a big, gray-eyed man of the type that is jammed full of well-controlled nerve, and he held



Thanks!"
